



Empty suitcase

Loneliness is an empty suitcase,
Friendless, neglected and abandoned,
Nowhere to go or be,
Cast aside and rejected.

Loneliness is an empty suitcase,
Unpopular and unwanted,
Full of depression, doubt and dejection,
Pushed into a room of blackness.

(Boy, Year 6)

Unnaturally quiet

Guided by the dappled chinks of moonlight weaving through the canopy, I ambled along the snaking dirt track. The woods sang with the humming of crickets and the whispering of trees as they danced in the wind. The dewy fumes of honeysuckle hung thickly in the air. It was – indeed – a glorious night.

A branch caresses my cheek. Startled, I scrutinized my surroundings. The forest held its breath. All of a sudden the woods seemed to have gone unnaturally quiet: not a single sound to be heard. Dense mist shrouded the skeletal silhouettes of trees like a ghostly cloak. Twisted branches tore at my face, trying to grasp me. I pulled my coat around me and quickened my pace.

The stillness grew, a suffocating stillness that roared in my ears until my head span. Craning my neck, I noticed the moon drop behind billowing clouds, plunging me into darkness. I froze. An owl glided past, its shrill call echoing endlessly. Trembling uncontrollably, I span on my heels, scrambling back along the track, back to the comforting warmth of my home.

(Girl, Y6)

Loneliness is the coldest thing

Loneliness is the coldest thing
It's found at the peaks of mountains and comes
At our coldest moments,
A white carpet covering the remotest places,
Loneliness keeps me awake at night,
It will not last forever but it never stays away for too long.

(Boy, Year 4)

Extinction

Suddenly, a shot rang through the jungle. Only one giraffe left: a brown and yellow giraffe, crying for his species. What would happen to them – How would they end?

Terrified, petrified, concerned, he headed to look for his kind. He searched up high, down low, left and right. He still couldn't find another giraffe. Thud! He tripped over a branch and found himself in a trap. Was this extinction?

Munch! The giraffe gnawed the vine and was free. Depressed and dazed, the giraffe began to see something in the distance. What was it? A tall, spotted female creature. Could it possibly be?

(Girl, Year 5)

Little polar bear

Little polar bear,
Floating on a wedge of ice,
Thinking of his home,
Staring at the stark abyss,
Whimpering for his parents

(Boy, Year 3)

Earthquake

Calmly, a man was mining in the lamplight (New York, 1956). The ground shook and vibrated. He was scared: scared because he did not want to die.

Transfixed, perplexed, confused, he stumbled to a distant, glittery light. The ground collapsed. Bodies were under shards of stone. With dust in his eyes he ran: ran for his chance of survival.

The light was getting nearer and nearer until he realised it was a bit of light peering through a miniature hole. He grappled with the rock then he jumped out through a bigger hole. Now experiencing air: he ran as fast as he could.

(Boy, Year 3)

A chance to live

The soldier ran along panting, fighting for his country: babies and women weeping. Confounded, the soldier had nowhere to go. He hid behind two narrow buildings wishing he knew where his family was. A shot rang out. He froze. Silence ...

Hearing only his own voice, lustre caught his eye. A brilliant light: a light of hope, laughter and living people. His delusion fading, he fell.

A deafening silence: silence that emptied his mind. Downhearted, he gazed hopelessly one last time at the world and at war. Confused, terrified, bewildered – Would this soldier live to see his ninth birthday?

(Girl, Year 6)

Happiness

Happiness is a butterfly
Gliding in a tranquil wind,
A burst of vivid colours,
Beautiful symmetry
Passing by the swaying flowers.

(Boy, Year 5)

Would you rather?

Would you rather have a fear of ghosts; a fear of blood; a fear of death or a fear of thunder?

Would you rather stand in a room full of bumblebees, swim in a tank full of sharks or be locked in a cage with a gorilla?

Would you rather be punched by a heavyweight champion; punched by your best friend, or punch your mother?

Would you rather be in a dark, terrifying forest with your family or in a beautiful paradise on your own?

Would you rather have lots of friends and have a short life or have a very long life and have no friends?

Would you rather be found by a villain or abandoned by your parents?

Would you rather be silent for the rest of your life or only be able to shout for the rest of your life?

Would you rather have to walk on your hands for a year or crawl on all fours for a year?

Would you rather be stranded in a desert with no water or be in Antarctica with no clothes on?

Would you rather be able to run like a cheetah; jump like a flea or glide like a red kite?

(IGW Class, 2015)